

THE

Protestant

GARLAND

Of Joy and Delight:

Compos'd of Nine pleasant

New Songs

Upon this late and prosperous Change.

*Licensed according to Order.*

Printed for M. C. 1689.

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OF JOY AND DELIGHT:

Composed of Lines Pleasant

New Songs



Upon this last and prosperous Change.

Printed by Order of the

Printed for W.C. 1825.

THE
Protestant GARLAND
Of Joy and Delight :
Compos'd of Nine Pleasant
New Songs,

Upon this late and Prosperous Change.

1. The Prince of *Orange's* Welcome to *London*.
 2. A late Monarchs Contemplation upon his Misfortunes.
 3. The Prince of *Orange* joyfully received by the Citizens of *London*.
 4. *Rome* in Confusion, Or, The *Jesuits* put to their Flight.
 5. The Popes Letter to the *Jesuits* in *Newgate*.
 6. The Valliant Soldiers Resolution to Conquer *Tyrconnel* and his *Irish* Crew.
 7. The Deserved praise of the *WEST*.
 8. A Touch of the *Jesuit* Plots, from the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, to this present Year,
 9. the Protestants Loyal Health.
- All Pleasant and Delightful both for City and Country.*

Licensed according to Order.

THE
Protestant Garland, &c.

The Prince of Orange's Welcome to England.

Tune is, *Cannons Roar.*

Subjects did rejoyce and sing,
And the Peals of Bells did Ring,
When the Prince, who now is King,
Came to this Land and Nation
With his vast Commanding Fleet,
Bringing Blessings to compleat,
Making Romans to Retreat,
Tho' much to their vexation.

They no sooner came to shore,
But we bid them welcome o're,
Knowing they would soon restore
The Church to all her Splendor;
When Brittain made her moan,
This Prince came to Guard the Throne,
Therefore unto her alone
Our Hearts we will surrender.

Now this Prince of Royal Fame,
When to Exeter he came,
Soul did then proclaim
Our Joy for this Adventure.

The Protestant Garland;

There was not a drooping Soul,
But would drink his flowing Bowl,
Guns went off, and Bells did troul,
as he the Gates did enter.

Acclamations did resound,
Bended Knees unto the ground,
While the Noble Healths went round,
from Prince to each Commander,
Who had Plow'd the Ocean Main,
Brittains freedom to regain,
Rather than their Courage stain,
they'd trace Great Alexander.

All the chief Nobility,
ords, Dukes, Earls, and Gentry,
did with one consent agree,
to stand with all their power,
y this most Renowned Prince,
our Lawful just Defence,
or to drive the Romans hence,
who would our Laws devour.

First the good Lord D-----re
hat Renowned Noble Peer,
e came on with full Carrcer,
for Church and Kingdoms Glory;
With a Resolution bent,
hat the Romans should absent,

The Protestant Garland.

He by his Sword he sent
from hence to Purgatory.

Now the Armed Troops came down,
hinking to have gain'd Renown,
at the Fates on them did frown,
for pray observe the Story;
their Noble gallant Warlike Train,
Which they brought down to *Salisbury-Plain*,
faith we sent it back again,
and blasted all their Glory.

When the *Jesuits* did hear,
The Great Prince approached near,
low the Rogues did quake for fear,
and from the Court did scowre;
both Father *Petres* and the rest,
Who was for taking off the *Test*,
in some with *Newgate* is possest,
where they remain this hour.

A late Monarch's Contemplation upon his Misfortunes.
Tune of, Soldiers Departure.

AH! how have I fell from Honour,
to the point of deep Dispair,
Fortune now has took upon her,
to Dethrone a Royal Pair:

How

The Protestant Garland

How, alas! am I Descended
from the top of Majesty,
For to fall thus unbefriended,
to the greatest Misery!

I that lived in such Glory,
now am from my Nation hurld,
Earthly Crowns are Transitory,
nothing stedfast in this World:
Ah! could I have been contented
to have Govern'd well, I vow,
Then I need not have repented,
But I've lost my Kingdom now.

Long I might have Liv'd and Reigned,
and the Royal Scepter Sway'd,
Had I but the Laws maintained,
but I then my Trust betray'd:
Could I have from Popish Villains
kept my self reservedly,
I might still have Ruled Millions
of the English Gentry.

When I think of Father Petres,
sitting at my Council-Board,
And the other Romish Creatures,
this fresh sorrows does afford:
Seeing how I was misguided,
while I for Romes Cause did stand,

The Protestant Garland.

from my Throne divided,
in a Forreign Land.

Royal Word extended,
the coming to my Throne,
the Church should be defended
rough my special Care alone:
this promise I neglected,
expos'd to Villans hate,
not in the least Protected,
it abus'd at any rate.

as blam'd in many Cases,
standing for the Roman Cause,
Protestants turn'd out of places,
no' contrary to all Laws:
an Catholicks I trusted
with the great Affairs of State,
I now at last am worsted,
this is my unhappy Fate.

y, I strove to overpower
learned Bishops of Renown,
t them packing to the Tower,
turning matters upside down:
d my Promise ne're regarded,
as all Men of Reason see,
or this am now rewarded,
with the loss of Dignity.

Farewel

The Protestant Garland.

Farewel to my Land and Nation,
and my Crown and Scepter too,
For without all Disputation,
I shall never trouble you:
But will spend my days in pleasure,
here in true Felicity,
What I want in Golden Treasure,
peace and quiet shall supply.

*The Prince of Orange Joyfully Received by the
Citizens of London.*

To the Tune of, The Protestants Triumph.

WHEN as our great Prince did to London repair
Abundance of loud Acclamations was there
All people were filled with Joy and Content,
Since Heaven to them such a Blessing had sent,
A Prince that for England had ventur'd his Blood
To stand for our Church and all Protestant good
And Romes black Designs to Confusion did bring,
For which he is justly made Englands Great King.

Remember the vast Roaring Billows at Sea,
As his Fleet was coming the Nation to free;
Expos'd to the fury and merciless Waves,
Which then might have made the main Ocean the
Grave
Had not the great God blest the Glorious Design,
By his wise Providence, good and Divine;
Preservi

The Protestant Garland.

reserving them under his Heavenly Wing,
now is our Sovereign Protestant King.

Since Heaven ordain'd him the Scepter to Sway,
That every Subject in Duty Obey;
For he has brought Glory and Peace to the Land,
When as our true Church here did tottering stand
To put all her Enemies quite to the flight,
And Protestants wrongs he resolved to right:
And therefore in *London* the Bells they did Ring,
Honour of William our Protestant King.

Who had been expos'd to the Malice and Rage
Of those that was truly the Scourge of this Age:
When scurrillous Rascals did daily run down
The good Learned Clergy in City and Town;
At length came a Valliant true Protestant Prince,
Who drove all the *Fryars* and *Jesuits* hence;
And therefore brave Boys, let us merrily Sing,
now is our Sovereign Protestant King.

As soon as he did to the City Arrive,
All drooping Spirits began to revive;
And highly transported with Raptures of Mirth,
His presence did give to our joys a new Birth:
When every true-hearted Protestant Soul,
To drink his good Health in a full flowing Bowl;
While loud Acclamations did make the Town ring
And *now* He's Great William our Protestant King.

While

The Protestant Garland.

While Protestants they were releas'd from all fear
The Jesuits sneaking hung down their Ears;
Their hot eager Game being quite at an end,
No power was left them their *Mass* to defend;
So straightways they scowre into Foreign Lands,
And one pair of heels was worth two pair of hands
While true hearted Protestants merrily Sing,
As being preserv'd by a Protestant King.

As long as the Romans in Brittain bore sway,
Good Men was Degraded, and in Prison lay,
Meerly through the Envy and Malice of Rome,
But now here the great Year of *Jubilee's* come,
And they are releas'd from their *Bondage* once more
The Lord in his Mercy was pleas'd to restore
Both them and the Nation from *Romes* bitter stroke
By William our Gracious true Protestant King.

Long, long let him flourish in Plenty and Peace
Who did both the Church and the Nation release
From those growning Dangers that threatened
(L

Before he took this undertaking in hand:
The Storm and the Tempest is quite overblown
Let Heavenly Angels Guard his Royal Throne
And may his Fame through all Christendom Run
He being our Soveraign Protestant King.

The Protestant Garland.

Come in Confusion: Or, The Jesuits put to their
Flight.

Tune, O rare Popery.

O sooner the tydings was brought to the Court
That the Prince of *Orange* would thither sort,
straightways it spoil'd all the *Jesuits* sport;
they threw by their *Masses*, then looking like *Asses*,
they did not know whither to run.

Trinkets, with all their Canonical Weeds,
wise their long string of their delicate *Beads*;
Crosses, as also their multiply'd *Creeds*,
their *Popes* special Pardon, all not worth a Far-
their Trumpery's kickt out of door. (thing,

Mass-houses they were pull'd down to the ground,
brought to the Fire whatever they found;
put the poor *Jesuits* all in a sound,
sing this action, and woful distraction,
their labour is utterly lost.

scratching their *Elbows*, and tearing their hair,
sing quite brought to the point of despair;
Rogues was for running, but did not know where;
Plot was confounded with horror surrounded,
they cry'd, we are left in the lurch.

Some

The Protestant Garland.

Some took up the Guineas, and laid down the C
And crying out, here is ten pound for a Horse
But those without Money was much at a loss,
So they were soon taken, by *Peters* forsaken,
Who fled away in a Disguise.

In *Newgate* the *Jesuits* both fret and fume,
To see their most dismal and desperate doom,
A thousand times wishing they now was at *Rome*
With their Holy Father, the which they had n
then trudge to the three-legged *Mare*.

Now meerly through fear, they are ready to
They tell o'er their *Beads*, and pray for each
In tears they do make a most woful Complaint
That they might *befriend* 'em, and *liberty* send
For fear they should swing at the last.

Alas! we was running to *Dover* with care,
But the men of *Kent* streight did meet with us
So we was took napping as *Moss* catcht his M
And sent up to *London*, we're utterly undone,
We never shall see our Friends more.

In Prison we lie without succour or hope,
Expecting to die in a Sanctify'd Rope;
Farewel our dear Friend the Infallible Pope,
We blasted our Glory, a terrible Story,
We here in a Prison remain.

The Protestant Garland.

The Race which was set us we carefully run,
and thought by our practice the Prize to have won;
no' hang'd, lets be Sainted for what we have done,
er while here we tarry'd, altho' we murther'd,
we have been true Servants indeed.

The Popes Letter to the Jesuits in Newgate.

Tune is, Hey Boys up go we.

MY dearest Son of Holy Church
that does in *Newgate* lye,
no' some has left you in the lurch,
yet do not think that I
will leave my Children void of hopes,
no, no, you need not fear,
I'll send Consecrated Ropes
for you my Children dear.

number there is Sixty six,
see that you use them well,
the Hempen Cords of *Hereticks*,
send some to *Pluto's* Cell?
Therefore I took this special care,
those Holy Cords to make,
wear by good *Saint Peters* Chair,
I will not you forsake.

Do not reflect on what is past,
My Worthy Sons, for why;
no' *Tyburn* be your Lot at last,
you *Romish* Martyrs dye:

There-

The Protestant Garland.

Therefore be not at all surpriz'd,
tho Death may be your doom,
For you shall all be Cannoniz'd
amongst the Sants at Rome.

I'll keep you free from all the pain,
of *Purgatory* too,
Tho' some unworthily complain,
yet still my care's for you :
You know 'tis I that keep the Keys,
my loving Children dear,
And none goes there but whom I please,
therefore you need not fear.

Those that obeys my Holy Will,
shall well rewarded be,
Betray, nay, Poyson, Stab and Kill,
'tis all a case to me :

Since it is for the Holy Cause,
in Duty ne're give o're,
And you shall have my loud Applause,
what can you wish for more.

I hear indeed you have been crost,
in all you went about,

But tho' your labour has been lost

I know you was Devout :

Therefore when Hanging is your Doom,
we'll sing your lasting praise,
And I your Holy Dad at Rome,
will make you Sainted Days.

The Protestant Garland.

*The Valiant Souldier's Resolution to Conquer Tyrcon-
nel and his Irish Crew.*

Tune of, Lilli burlero.

NOble brave hearts of Cotirage so bold,
Let us away to *Ireland* now;
While we do Fight for Silver and Gold,
We'll make those Papist Bog-trotters Bow
To Great *William's* Crown and Scepter,
Therefore brave Boys, now let us away,
Our Cannons, like Thunder, shall fill them with wonder,
For Protestant Boys shall carry the day.

Tis not *Tyrconnel* ever can stand,
Should he have forty thousand and more,
We'll have as many under Command,
Such that shall lay them sprawling in Gore;
If they dare but stand the Battle,
Boys, we will shew them *English* Play,
Our Cannons like Thunder, shall fill them with wonder,
For Protestant Boys shall carry the day.

Ratling Drums, and Trumpets likewise,
Into the Field our Musick shall be,
Where we *Tyrconnel* soon will surprize,
When he our Armed Forces shall see

The Protestant Garland.

In a Noble Warlike Posture,
shining in Armour gallant and gay,
Our Cannons like Thunder, shall fill them with
for Protestant Boys shall carry the day. (*wonder,*

Cowards we know are subject to Flinch,
when he shall meet a Powerful Foe ;
But a true Soul won't give back an inch,
till he has laid his Enemy low ;
We'll Charge to the highest Center,
valliantly still maintaining the Fray ;
Our Cannons like Thunder, shall fill them with
(*wonder,*
for Protestant Boys shall carry the day.

Tis not Tyrconnel e're shall prevail,
or in the least our Courage surprize,
We'll send them Lead in showers like Hail,
while our Smoak shall darken the Skies:
Send them hence to Purgatory,
while they unto Saint Patrick Pray ;
Our Cannons like Thunder, shall fill them with
(*wonder,*
for Protestant Boys shall carry the day.

For I protest if they will not yield,
suffer they shall for Uillanous Deeds,
For when our Swords have Reaped the field,
of all those rank base Irish Weeds :

The Protestant Garland.

We'll enjoy their whole Possessions,
then my true hearts let's now march away
Our Cannons like Thunder, shall fill them with
(wonder,
for Protestant Boys shall carry the day.

The deserved Praise of the West.

To the Tune of, Grim King of the Ghosts.

THE Glory and Fame of the *West*,
let every honest Soul sing,
For when the whole Land was oppress'd,
from thence all our Blessings did spring;
Tho' once they was routed full fore,
yet they have took Courage now since,
Resolving to venture once more,
To bring in a Protestant Prince.

They vow'd they wou'd rally again,
their Courage being vigorous hot;
The Blood of their innocent Men,
alas! was not clearly forgot;
And seeing the valliant brave *Dutch*,
come here for the Nations defence,
They vow'd they wou'd have t^e other touch,
To bring in a Protestant Prince.

The Protestant Garland.

We know there was many a one,
that suffered Deaths too severe;
The Father remember'd the Son,
the Women their Husbands so dear,
Who fell a meer Sacrifice
to Rome without any offence,
Therefore they resolved to rise,
to stand by a Protestant Prince.

When M----- was put to the Rout,
some honest good Yeomen did bleed,
And Soldiers both valliant and stout,
was brought to the slaughter indeed,
And by an unmerciful hand,
contrary to Reason or Sence,
Therefore we resolved to stand
to bring in this Protestant Prince.

A Person once ow'd us a grudge,
who bore a great sway in the Court,
Without a good Jury or Judge,
he hang'd many meerly for sport;
This Villian was given to bawl,
and vanter men out of their Sence,
But now let him answer for all,
we having a Protestant Prince.

Had Mercy been mixt with their Rage,
their actions had been more Divine,

The Protestant Garland.

But Cruelty mounted the Stage,
and Murthers was all the design,
The Widdow and Fatherless too,
no Friend had they in their defence,
But now all their Joys will renew,
under this Good Protestant Prince.

No sooner this powerful Fleet,
approach the Banks of our Shore,
But them we run straightways to meet,
and bidding them thrice welcome o're,
Appointed by Heaven he came,
to drive all the Jesuits hence,
Let's honour the Glory and Fame,
of such a True Protestant Prince.

Then every Protestant Soul,
expecting a speedy relief,
Begin in a sweet flowing Bowl,
to drown all the Relicks of Grief;
A Health to His Highness they cry'd,
who stands for the Nations defence,
We'll Valliantly Fight by his side,
for he's a brave Protestant Prince.

The Protestant Garland.

*A Touch of the Jesuit-Plots, from the Reign
of Queen Elizabeth, to this present Year.*

Tune is, Summer-time.

When *Protestants* would live at peace,
and in all true Obedience stand;
Then *Jesuits* love to increase
fresh troubles in a quiet Land.

Their restless Souls are ne're at ease,
their *Treasons* are to that degree,
They'll cross the raging roaring Seas,
to perpetrate each Villany.

In former Ages long a-go,
they Ploted both in *France* and *Spain*;
Poor *England's* final overthrow,
tho' they their Will cou'd not obtain.

Our Gracious Queen *Elizabeth*,
of ever Blessed Memory,
Was often troubled here on Earth,
with their ungrateful Villany.

The *Spanish* vast *Armado* Fleet,
came Sailing to our *English* Coast,
Resolving never to Retreat,
'till they had took this Land by force.

But

The Protestant Garland.

But the Renowned Captain Drake,
—he did with this proud *Spaniard* meet,
And presently did burn and take,
the greatest part of all his Fleet.

Yet notwithstanding all their Charge,
was blasted by a power great ;
They did their *Treasons* still enlarge,
and Plotted at another Rate.

For do but view King *James's* Reign,
and then you soon may understand ;
They laid a dreadful powder Train
to slay the Pillars of the Land.

And by a Hellish Fatal Blow,
it was their wicked base intent,
The *House of Lords* to overthrow,
and *Commons* both in *Parliament*.

Sprinkle the Air with Princely Blood,
and mangl'd shatter'd Limbs of those,
Who sate in Court for *England's* good,
but God was pleas'd to interpose.

That dreadful *Treason* to prevent,
which might have overthrown the Land,
Then bringing them to punishment,
who took that Bloody Cause in Hand.

We

The Protestant Garland.

We may behold from Age to Age,
their study is to bring us low:
They vent their most malicious Rage,
although it proves their overthrow.

When *Charles* the Second Reigned King,
his Life they studied to betray,
Yet under Gods protecting Wing,
he was preserved many a day.

There's *Harcourt*, *Whitebread*, and the rest,
which I shall here forbear to Name;
They harbour'd Treason in each Breast,
and brought themselves to open shame.

At length Great *Charles* he dy'd in peace,
that price of Royal Dignity,
Then *Jesuits* did soon encrease,
who strove to bring in Popery.

But Heaven did a Blessing bring,
and suddenly did change the Scene,
Ordaining *William* to be King,
and *Mary* our Most Gracious Queen.

God grant them many Years to Reign,
in Peace and full Prosperity,
The Church will flourish then amain,
and Protestants most happy be.

*The Protestant Garland.**The Protestants Loyal Health.**Tune of, Joy to the Bridegroom.*

Let e'ry Loyal hearted Soul,
 Now fill a pleasant smiling Bowl,
 And let a Health go freely round,
 To those by whom our joys are Crown'd,
 Now seated in the Royal Throne,
 a sweeter Health was never known.

Boys drink about both brisk and airy,
 To Good King *William* and Queen *Mary*,
 Who does the Royal Scepter Sway,
 And Popery has purg'd away.
 The Land will flourish now in Peace,
 Let Love and Loyalty increase.

And likewise fill another Glass,
 And freely, freely let it pass,
 To good Prince *George*, and Princess *Ann*,
 Now let us not disputing stand,
 But bend our Knee unto the Ground,
 And let these Loyal Healths go Round.

F I N I S.